Written for the Northwest. MAGGIE.

BY PHENE PIELD.

It was a little odd the way in which Maggie came to us.

You see sister Jane and I had always plann ed to adopt some little houseless children and bring them up, but everything had seemed to hinder.

There was brother Joe's family to be cared for while he was in the war, for Joe's health was poor for a long while and he couldn't do

Then sister Ellen came home to die, when that good-for-nothing husband of hers left her out West alone. She was sick well on to two years, and when she died it was almost a relief, for she was so low-spirited and took no interest in anything.

After that Jane's health gave out and for a long time we were almost afraid that she never would be well again.

And all this time we had Jack, brother Joe's boy, nearly all the time until he finally went to college.

So you see though we had never given up our plan, sister Jane and I, of making a home for the homeless and being mothers to some poor little innocent souls that had never known what it was to have a mother; it had someway been crowded out and set one side.

But that spring when Jane began to be quite well and strong again, and there seemed to be nothing special to hinder, we began to take up the old idea and to think seriously of taking a child.

"We had better take a young one, a baby, Jane suggested, "for then we can train it from the start, and not have any bad habits to overcome." And I meekly consented, though I did have a few misgivings, for I remembered Joe's wife's babies and what a trial they were in teething time, but I did not say a word for Jane was so pleased with the ides, and talked about "our baby" long before we really got one.

We had quite a time before we settled down to take the child, for Jane felt as though she must have them all when she saw the poor little motherless things. We went to the "Orphan's Home," for we had decided we had rather have a child that we knew nothing about, and one that had no relatives to come hanging around. I told Jane she should have the choosing, and finally, after a great deal of changing her mind and an immense amount of comparing the babies, she selected a fine large boy, a very handsome little fellow of about six months. He looked perfectly healthy and hearty, and in reply to my question, the matron said the child was perfectly well as far as she knew, only she believed he was a little tooubled with colic. Well, we took him home in triumph; Jane was happy and so was I, though I did feel a little uneasy when I thought of what the matron had said about him.

We had made some clothes for our expect ed child, but they all proved to be so small that the boy could not be squeezed into a single garment, but we could easily make more, so I immediately went down street to purchase materials, leaving Jane to take care of the baby.

It took me a good while, for I was not used to selecting a child's outfit, and when I reached home I found Jane completely exhausted. She had had to hold the great heavy child every minute, and she had all the ornaments down off the brackets and shelves trying to find comething to smuse him.

I took him then and Jane got dinner, and I could not help noticing the alacity with which she gave him over to me, and the relieved expression that overspread her face.

I don't know what ailed the child, or what was the matter with our treatment of him. but he worried and fretted all the rest of the day, and finally along in the evening instead of settling off to sleep, as we fondly hoped, he began to scream as if in pain.

Jane was frightened but I thought of what the matron had said and concluded it was only colic. But before the night was over I concluded "only colic" was more than I had bargained for. We were up with that child nearly the whole night; we gave it everything we could think of, and walked the floor with it by turns. Jane went to the nearest neighbors finally and got some one to go for the doctor. When morning came the baby was better, but Jane had to give up and go to bed, while it seemed to me that I had never been so tired in my life.

I told Jane that I thought the baby had better go back to the Home, for it would certainly be the death of us before we would get it

She made no objections and I took the child

Nothing more was said about taking a child, and we had settled down into our usual quiet routine, when one evening as we were sitting in our pleasant little parlor there came a ring at the door. When I had opened the door a slim young girl stood there who asked timidly "does Mrs. Brown live here?" "No," I said, "the Miss Browns live here."

She looked disappointed, and I scon found that she was in search of a Mrs. Thomas Brown, who lived quite at the other end of the city on Pine street.

I saw that she looked pale and weak, and leaned against the door for support, and her face looked ghostly white in the moon light. She was turning wearily away when I said "you look tired, come in and rest awhile."

She flashed a grateful glance at me from her great dark eyes and followed me in without a word. Iled her into the parlor where sister Jane sat reading, and she sank into a chair and turned so white that I thought she was going to faint.

She rallied, and after sitting a short time and drinking the glass of milk I brought her, she thanked me and said she was quite rested now and would go.

In reply to a question of mine she had said she was looking for a place to work, and had learned that Mrs. Brown wanted a girl, but some one had given her the wrong direction. "Are you going to Mrs. Brown's yet tonight?" I asked as she rose to go.

"No," she said, "it is so late now, and it is so far I will wait till morning."

But some way I did not feel willing to let her go. The great, dark childish eyes looka way to my old heart.

I noted the worn shoes on the little feet, the shabby black dress and the plain i .ded felt sure that the poor child was in trouble.

"Stay with us to night" I said, moved by a sudden impuse, "and perhaps we can help you." She gave me a grateful look, glanced around the pretty, cosy room and then the turn you out, dear sunt Sell?"
tears began to flow down the white cheeks. So I sat down but I soon saw that there

Not passionate tears but quiet drops that san was something on her mind, and when I rose down unheeded. I knew then that this child to say good night she said hurriedly, "wait had wept her tears of bitter agony, of passionate bewailing, and now all that was left I saw that she was troubled and could hardin the poor, worn-out, timid heart, was a ly speak. quiet, sad submission to whatever came.

Well, she staid with us that night and told tell me snything." us her story; a common story enough, of a poor, weak, widowed mother working for but it was such a faint, joyless shadow of her herself and child, then later the child work- old mirthfulness that it made my heart ache ing for the mother, till at last disease, aided "It is only that I would like to go away by insufficient food and protection, did its some where for awhile. Do not think it fatal work and the child was left alone. How strange," she pleaded, "it is not that I am the child struggled on till at last she fell ill not happy with you and dear aunt Jane, but I and lost her place as nurse girl where she had must go away. I must; I must." Her voice been some time.

"It was hard work," she said simply, when her little story was told; "the children were troublesome, and the baby so large and heavy and I thought may be I could stand housework better. But I am so afraid I cannot get may do you good, and we have an old aunt up place because I don't look strong, but I can do a great deal, really," and the brown eyes looked into mine with mute appeal.

I looked at Jane and she nooded her head approvingly, then I said "I believe we need some one to help us, the work would be light. what do you say to staying with us?"

"Stay!" cried the girl, "I think it would be just like heaven." Seem like heaven to live with two quiet old maids!

My eyes were dim for a moment and I saw Jane covertly wiping hers on her handkerchief.

So it was decided that Maggie Fanningthat was her name-should stay with us, and it was not long before we ceased thinking of her as our hired girl, but made her as one of the family. She had grown very dear to both of us, and we often said to each other. "How did we get along before Maggie came?"

And I think the child grew to love and cling to us as much as though we had been of her

"Why not take Maggie instead of a baby, Jane?" I said one day boldly. Sister Jane's face glowed with satisfaction.

"We will," she said, then added hesitatingly, "I don't believe we are young and strong enough to try to bring up little children. Helen.

So it was decided between us, and when we old Maggie what we wished and asked her consent to the plan; it was a perfect picture to see her. She turned white, then red, then white again, and her little hands shook like a leaf. Then she just threw her arms around Jane's neck and kissed her and turning to me, fell into my armes sobbing for very joy.

So Maggie became our own little girl; "little," we called her, but she was really seventeen and as tall as either Jane or myself, but someway she had such a child-like loving way with her that she seemed like a child to us. It was about this time that Jack graduated

rom the law school and came home to stay, for he decided to begin practicing right there in L-, and of course he made his home I saw at once that Jack was pleased with

Maggie, and that she, in her sly, timid way, liked him, I did not doubt, but I never thought of possible love between them until -but I must go back a little.

I never saw anyone happier than our little girl appeared to be that summer. She seemed to be fairly overflowing with joy, her merry laugh rang through the house clear and sweet as a bird's call, and she grew so plump and pretty that she hardly looked like the pale white-faced little creature that she was when she first came to us.

Jack was always a quiet boy, not given to speak his thoughts lightly and easily, and he was a quiet man. There was something so sure about Jack, you always knew just where to find him, and he was true as steel. He was always kind and friendly with Maggie, and I often saw his eyes following her as she moved about the room, or resting on her sweet face as she sat quietly sewing, but he treated her more as one would a child than as a woman. and Maggie seemed to resent it.

One night I sat in the parlor, Jane had gone to bed and Jack and Maggie were out on the porch in the moon-light. She sat in a low chair and Jack occupied the porch step near.

They had been talking busily and now and then I heard Maggie's sweet laugh ring out like a happy child's, and smiled to think how happy the children were together.

Maggie's hands lay in her lap, two little white things against her dark dress, and I saw Jack lean over and take one in his strong, fine hand; "what a little hand, Maggie," I heard him say, "I could crush it if I had a mind."

away from him, and came into the house. Her face was white and her lips trembled. She passed on to her room and I soon followed, for I feared she was not well.

"What was it, dear child?" I asked, "you looked so strange when you came in. Were you sick or did Jack displease you?"

A great rosy wave crept up into her face and her head drooped.

"He treats me like a child," she said, 'and I, and I,"—she broke down here and began sobbing like a child. I took her in my arms and soothed her, and smiled a little as I thought how like a child she was.

By and by she grew calm and raised he head like a flower after a shower.

"It was very foolish of me," she said, 'and, and you will not say anything to him?" "No," I answered, "of course not. Now go

to bed, dear, and bring back the roses to those white cheeks." She kissed me tenderly and when I crept into her room an hour later, she lay fast asleep looking as fresh and sweet as a little

innocent babe, but there were tears on the soft round cheeks. But from that time there was a change in Maggie, she grew restless, pale, ate little, and was by turns silent and gloomy, and then again full of a strange unnatural gayety.

We were all worried about her, Jack most of all I could see, though he said little. He was always planning out rides into the pleasant country and bringing her fresh fruits and rare flowers. At first he used to spend the evenings reading aloud to her, but soon she made an excuse to be in her own room evenings, and then he saw but little of her except

at meal times, and not always even then. Sometimes there would be whole days that ing out from the wan, white face had found they never met, but it all seemed to come to be investigated I can give names and about naturally and was nothing one could dates, and will furnish reliable witspeak about.

One night I stole up to her room and found hat that rested on the girl's dark curls, and I her sitting by the fire, her face burried in her hands. She lifted her head as I entered and I saw she had been weeping.
"May I come in dear?" I asked.

"Why of course you may. When do I ever turn you out, dear aunt Sell?"

AN ATTRACTIVE SPOT FOR SUM-"What is it dear?" I said, "surely you can

"It is only," she said, and tried to laugh rose to almost a scream then sank away, and her whole form seemed to falter and droop.

I helped her to her bed as though she had been a child. "You shall do just as you wish. Of course you may go away. Change of air in the country who will be glad to have you. But now lie still and sleep and do not worry.' She drew my face down to hers and kissed me tenderly. "You are too good to me," she

said brokenly. "No," I said cheerfully, for I saw she must not be excited any more than, "just good enough, dear child." Then I kissed her and went away and straight down stairs where I

knew I should find Jack. "Maggie wants to go away for a little," I said, trying to speak easily; "she is going to aunt Susan's, I think maybe the change will

do her good." Jack listened to me in silence but I saw his

face change and grow white. "She wants to get away from me," he said quietly. "She sees that I love her and it troubles her. It is I that should go away, and I

"Oh Jack!" I said, "it cannot be that;" still I remembered how strangely Maggie had acted towards him of late, and I could not

The next evening Jack said to me, "aunt Sell, I want, if possible, to have a little talk with Maggie to-night. I must go down town a few minutes first, but I will not be gone

After he had gone I went to Maggie's room and persuaded her to come out into the parlor. I had given her my room since she had grown so weak that it was hard for her to climb the stairs.

"Come out on the sofa," I urged, "Janehas gone to bed with headach, and I am all alone for Jack has gone down town." So I got her arranged on the sofa and very pretty and sweet she looked in her soft dress of delicate blue, when I heard Jack's quick, fine tread on the walk. Maggie heard it too and the blood mounted swiftly to her pale face.

I murmured some excuse about getting a drink and left the room. I went out into the dining room and walked up and down the room, trying to keep calm but failing utterly. At last I stole softly into the hall thinking at least to hear their voices and know that all was well.

The parlor door was part way open and I heard Jack's voice tender and low-"if you are going away because I love you Maggie, you need not go, for I will go myself, but if you could have loved me, darling, we might be so happy."

I knew I ought not to stand there listening but Maggie had risen to her feet, and now tottered as though she would have fallen. Involuntarily I started forward, but before I reached the door I saw Jack catch her in his arms; heard him say rapturously, "then you do love me after all!"

Then I crept back into the dining room ashamed of myself for my caves dropping but filled with joy that all was right at last. An hour later Jack came in search of me and took me in where Maggie lay on the sofa a little pale, and a suspicion of tears in the

dark eyes but looking happy as a queen. 'It is all right, aunt Sell," said Jack, "Maggie is not going away but is going to stay at

home and marry me." "Then why did she try to run away?" I

asked, trying to look stern. "Oh, aunt Sell," cried the girl, "I did not know that he --- " "loved you," put in Jack as she hesitated. "And so," went on Maggie blushing rosily, "I wanted to go away because I-" again she paused and Jack went at once and took her two hands in his, "because you loved him," he said, tenderly.

Prof. Horsford's Baking Powder. Mrs. A. A. Geddes, Teacher of Cookig, Cambridgeport, Mass., says: "I have used Horsford's Baking Powder for the last six months. I have tested it thoroughly, and have never failed to She snatched her hand away and sprang get good results when the directions way from him, and came into the house, were fully carried out. I consider it equal to any in the market, and second to none. I take much pleasure in re-commending if to my cooking classes, and to my friends generally." 1 mo

An Eloquent Senator.

There was a speech made in the senate recently, which should be preserved entire. It was the most causeless, the most promiseuous and unblushing assault upon the queen's English that it has ever been my misfortune to hear. This wise-looking senator jumped upon the grammar of his native land and tore it into smithereens. Plural nouns were pitted against singular verbs and adjectives, and particles were linked with conjunctions and adverbs and tossed into the surging sea of words. It was a catch-as-catch-can contest with the parts of speech, and the language threw up the sponge in the first round. When he insisted upon saying "them counties is" a general titter rippled through the lobbies. "I have saw," was delivered with such earnestness and emphasis that a sympathetic journalist wanted to move an amendment to the language which would permit the states-man to assault it at will. He announced with tragic sincerity, "I have came," and there was not a soul who had the courage to dispute the fact that he "had came." His crowning achievement was the expression. "My county is the most moralest county in that cend of the state." It was a remarkable contest and the able senator deserves credit for his sincere attempt to put the English language in the hospital for the remainder of the session. If any honorable senator feels aggrieved and wishes nesses without extra charge.—Louisville Post.

It is proposed to change the street-nomenclature of Washington, substitut-ing for the letters of the alphabet which now mark many streets the names of historical personages-Adams, Benton, Clay, Van Buren and others.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

MER TOURISTS. Founded in 1623-Its Early Exclusive ness and Present Consurrative Appearance—Its Huins and Holles—Excel-

lent Harbor and Costly Navy Yard.

Of all the quaint and picturesque towns which mark the sites chosen by the early settlers of America, one of the most ancient and conservative in appearance is certainly Portsmouth, N. H. Situated as it is, in an archipelsgo of hilly islands, it might have become one of the leading ports of entry but for the tremendous fors, which have thrown a wet blanket on it as a commercial port. It certainly got an early enough start, for it was settled in 1628, and no town on the coast ed greater natural advantages for a sattlement. The numerous islands and surrounding country are fertile, while the waters of the innumerable creeks and inlets. worming their way inland from the sea,



SPINET IN ROOM OF WENTWORTH HOUSE. One of the earliest of the blue blood settlers was William Wentworth, a baronet, In 1639 he, with others, signed a "combine tion for a government at Exeter, N. H.," and from that time until the revolution he or his direct descandants held the political lines of the colony. For being too active poli:ically one of the members of the family beheaded for treason during George III's reign. A portion of the old Wentworth mansion still stands, and it was here that Governor Wentworth and Martha Hilton (immortalized by Longfellow in his "Lady Wentworth") were married. The parlor in which took place remains unaltered. Most of the original pieces of furniture are yet in their places. In an interior room, appurtenanced as a private arsenal, still hang the massive flintlock blunderbusses and other weapons of early warfare. From here a door opens to the governor's council chamter. The walls of this famous spartment are covered with colonial bric-a-brac, including the ancestral warming pan. Adjoining this apartment is the billiard and music room, in which is the old-fashioned piano.



OLD CHURCH, 1701. This old manse of the Wentworths must be standing, or at least a portion of it, for a century and a half. An earlier settlement, than Portsmouth was made about nine miles from here on the Isle of Shoals. It was there that Capt. John Smith first set foot in making his early explorations, and the little seagist neighborhood, treeless and almost verdureless, holds many traces of that ambitious man, besides the odd little ent ere there to Strange as it may seem, this bleak group of islands, soon after its discovery, became rapidly peopled, and it is affirmed that 500 in habitants ones had existence there. If one can take record from the shapes resembling graves, rudely marked by the rough island tones, the statement can't seem erroneous but it appears in a different light when we wonder where the 500 found foothold at one and the same time, when now there seems scant soil for their graves.

The old stone church, erected in 1701, is one of the most appropriate monuments the past. It contains records of all the land grants, the census, etc., beside mention of the struggle to convert and educate the Indians, the perils of the colonial wars, and other facts that seem to us of this age as legendary as our fairy stories. At the breaking out of the revolu tion the inhabitants fled to the mainland for protection, and but few of the families ever returned to make the islands their place of



On the movement of the settlement farther from the sea the people prepared to protect themselves from both encroachments of the Indians and from foreign invaders, so that the defensive institutions of early Portsmouth were both numerous and ample, and many old earthworks yet remain. These however, are less attractive than the o. stone and mortar ones-McClary and Con stitution. McClary tops a jutty prominence of Kittery point, and dates back 200 years. The old block houss—rebuilt for its preservation in 1845—is a point of no ligh-interest. It was a model of protection in its day, built with a projecting upper story with loopholes arranged so that the garrison could fire down on the enemy in case of an attack, but now merely an esthetic finish for the modern fort at its base.

Portsmouth possesses, beside all this, th-oldest newspaper in the United States, called The New Hampshire Gazette, establi ked in

1756. Its excellent harbor was early recounized, on account of the neighboring tin ber, as a site for ship building. In 1690 the Fack-land, fifty-four guns, was ordered built here by the British government. The Ranger, eighteen guns, Capt. Paul Jones, was also built here, under an order from the Conbuilt here, under an order from the Con-tinental congress. Even now it possesses a floating balance dry dock that cost our gov-ernment about \$1,000,000.

All told, there are few places on the conti-nent that contain so many relics or subjec a for reminiscences, nor is more worthy of visit by the summer ton-ist.

There is nearly as much ability reqnisite to know how to make use of good advice, as to know how to act for one's LITERARY.

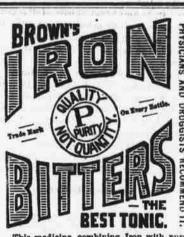
The August Wide Awahs may be described as a "Flower Number," since there are eight flower-posms in it, exquisibly illustrated, colobrating fanifully the dandelion, the fleur-de its, the sweet brier, the white daffodil, the four-leafed clover, the mignonette, the water-lily and the tallp. The Ballad of the number is "Sir Walter's Honor," by Mar garet J. Preston, with seven full-page illustration by G. F. Barnes, and commemmorating a touchin incident in the life of Sir Walter Haleigh. The opening story is a very strong one, "Peter-Patrick." by Sally P. McLean, the author of Cape Cod Folks. Another popular writer. Anna Katherine Greene, the author of The Leavenworth Case, contributes a humorous paper, "An Entertainment of Mysteries," leaving the readers to guess the solutions. Canon of the Tennessee," is a true and intensely interesting mountain story of a brave boy's adventure by John Willis Hays. "The Daughter of Daicles," by E. S. Brooks, is an exciting story of the old Greek Olympian races. Mrs. Sherwood writes of the "Royal Girls of England," "Sou Indian Children," by Mrs. M. B. Norton, gives many interesting particulars of the home-lite of some of the Indian children, previous to their ar rivel at Hampton and Carlisle. "Some Nantucke Children," chapter two, by Mrs. Anne Mitchel macy, relates some amusing experiences of the 'off islanders" with the young Nantucket venders of Nantucket commodities. The serials, "Pamela's Portune," "Peggy and Her Family," and "The Crow of the Carabianca," are delightfully entertain ing. In the Chantanqua Resdings for the month Miss E. rris writes of George William Curtis and his books and journalistic work. Mrs. Fremont describes "A Midsummer Night with Shakespeare in Prague," Mr. Sargent instructs "How to See a Bumble-Bee," Gaylord S. White describes "Easter at Jerusalem," Mr. Vincent writes of Petrarch, and Oscar Fry Adams propounds "Twenty Questions" in English Literature, and Mrs. Treat secounts some of her experiences with "Mound-building Wide Awake is \$3.00 a year. D. Lothrop & Co.,

Publishers, Boston.

The Art Amsteur for August contains another of the charming female heads, by Ellen Welby, for plaque docoration; a striking design of birds and flowers to: a hand screen; a cup and saucer decoration of violets; a cinque-cento carved panel, and several pages of outline figure sketches, monograms and embroidery designs. Among the notable illustrations and a figure study by Jules Breton, another by A. M. Labaye, and a double-page charcoal sketch, by Henry Baron, of "Major Molly," the Revolution ary heroine. The three series of valuable practical articles on "Sketching from Nature," "Water Color Painting" and 'Flower Painting in Olls" are all continued, and, besides the piquent Note-Book and Dramatic Feuilieton, there is an unusually full Confectioner & Baker. array of criticles on ceramies, needlework, interior decorrtion and n inor art topics. Price 35 cents. Montague Marks, publisher, 23 Union Square. New York

You will notice how quickly a thoroughly successful article is imitated, and also that the imitations are without merit, as they are gotten up by unscrupulous parties. Beware of imitations of Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic. The genuine is sold by J. C. Saur, and promptly cures dyspepsia, costiveness, bad breath, piles, pimples, ague and malaria diseases, poor appetite, low spirits, headache, or diseases of the kidneys, stomach and liver. Price fifty cents.

Girls, never fall in love. sneak along calmly and cross the ditch with care. Love is a long and deep excave-ation, and very few nowadays are rescued when they once fall in.—Cum-berland Three States.

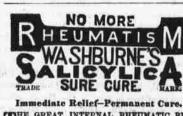


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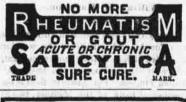
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Doors, Sash, Blinds, Casing, Sidings, Shingles, Floorings, Fisished Lumther, Rough Lumber,

and every kind of lumber required for a building. Custom work done on short notice. Poplar, walnut, whitewood, sah and oak lumber bought and sold. |an i 78-tf THIESEN, HILDRED & CO. NEW ROOM!

New Goods.

Respectfully inform the citizens of Napoleon and Henry county that they are now occupying their new room, in the brick block exceted upon the ruins of their old stand, where they invite all their old custom-ers, and as many new ones as wish to come, to call and see them. Our stock is

Entirely New ! Groceries, Provisions,

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We also manufacture a superior quality of brieb and tile, which are sold at the lowest prices. Parties in tending building or ditching should give us a call examineour stock and get prices. MEYERHOLTZ & BRO., Naveleon, Ohie.

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Napoleon, Ohto, Oct. 14, 1878.

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